Vera Hemenway,
Freeman, The Hill,
Wellesley, Mass.

Wellesley College News

Entered as second-class matter November 17, 1916, at the post office at Framingham, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XXVII FRAMINGHAM AND WELLESLEY, MASS., FEBRUARY 13, 1919 No. 17

Help For Aunt Dinah!

COLORED ORPHAN CHILDREN IN GEORGIA SUFFER FOR LACK OF CLOTHES AND FOOD.

Aunt Dinah Page's work with the colored orphans of the south is one of the first really worthy charities we learn to recognize when we come to college. Those of us who have heard Aunt Dinah speak, and even those of us who know her by report alone, know that she is a woman who has devotedly and courageously striven against overwhelming odds to found and keep going a little school in Covington, Georgia, for colored orphan children. This last year has brought many hardships and misfortunes to Aunt Dinah:—The increased prices have steadily made harder her struggle to provide clothes and food. About a year ago the boys' dormitory burned down causing a total loss of equipment of every sort, and finally, this winter, a serious epidemic of influenza swept the school. Aunt Dinah has had only one teacher in the school, and she herself did the housekeeping, nursing, and even some of the teaching until very lately when she was taken sick. In one of her last letters to Miss Buell, Aunt Dinah says, "They are trying to keep me in bed now—I feel that I must do something, however, as the burden is so heavy. I can't keep in food or any other need. A note of $407 must be paid soon and I must pay as I go for bread. I miss oatmeal and beans so much. Provisions of every kind are so high, and to be without the food you used to send makes the burden hard indeed. My friends have had to help the war in so many ways that it seems I am almost forgotten." Again she says, "We have all been so busy trying to make the Allies win that I couldn't try to do very much for ourselves. I have got now to start all over again for I have no furniture and very little house room to put anything in.—I haven't any money towards it yet, but I hope to have some, if not all, by the first of June so that I can plan to have building begin about July."

No money, little food, little clothing, bills due, not even an adequate shelter:—is it strange that Aunt Dinah feels "almost forgotten?"

Wellesley has always supported Aunt Dinah with money and food, and we cannot desert her now when her need is so great. There can be no campaign to raise money, no one will try to coerce a quarter from your pocket. But if you want to keep a most worthy cause, give money or checks to Miss A. Bertha Miller of the Latin Department.

URGING YOUNG WOMEN TO PREPARE FOR POLITICS.

When men, prominent in Federal Councils, urge young college women to prepare to take an active part in Municipal affairs, it does seem that the wind has at last set in the direction to which suffragists have long pointed.

The substance of an address given by James P. Monroe, Chairman of the Federal Board of Vocational Education, given at an intercollegiate vocational conference at Radcliffe College, was this urgency. "To all you young college women I say get into the municipal game. There are problems of ballot, taxation, municipal reforms, relations between capital and labor, all of these must be worked out, and it is the part of women as much as men to work them out well."

Mr. Monroe was saying precisely what hundreds of Massachusetts women have long foreseen and advocated.

SUBJECT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE ANNOUNCED.

Now that the six weeks of work have begun, I take great pleasure in announcing that the Intercollegiate Debate, which will take place in the Barn on March 15th, has for its subject:

Resolved: That the principle of Universal Free Trade should be upheld by the League of Nations.

Radcliffe comes here, and we send a team to Vassar. Although we have an able Material Committee consisting of Isabel Ireland, '19, chairman, Elizabeth Barbour, '19, Elizabeth Freeman, '19, Dorothy Conant, '21, Katherine Hildreth and Ruth Baetjer, '20, the size of the subject makes it necessary for us to have the assistance of every girl who can read and take notes. If any one has time and would like to work, we can most certainly supply her. Please sign on your class boards or get in touch with the Material Committee. We need you; Wellesley *must* win!

VERA HEMENWAY.

Battle Between Vassar And Princeton.

SUGGESTED DEBATE HORRIFIES THE MALE SEX.

The battle of the sexes is raging in a one-sided fury in Princeton. Some adventurous spirits, namely the Debating Committee of Princeton, representing the two ancient "halls," Whig and Clio, challenged Vassar's "strongest team" to a debate, so the story goes. The *Daily Princetonian* held up its editorial hands in horror. The issue of January 27 says:

"Shades of Princeton tradition! Consider the antics of the Debating Committee which—in the name of Princeton University—has challenged Vassar College to a verbal battle at Vassar! The undergraduates have been tolerant and patient toward the Halls, we have tried to overlook the fact that, as the Navy puts it, "they are about the most useless pieces of gear" on the Campus, we have struggled hard but in vain to be blind to the childish spectacle of the "Hall initiations," and we have even been so kindly to the debating teams as to rate them one step higher than the chess teams, but the proposal to cross words with the petticoated representatives of this bitter rival is too much. We throw up our hands in silent surrender; our vocabulary of invectives is utterly inadequate.

"Why not debate Vassar? ask the sages of Whig and Clio. Yes, why not? Why not a knitting or sewing tilt with Bryn Mawr? Why not a ping pong match with Barnard, or a spelling bee with Wellesley, or a tea-pouring contest with Miss So-and-So's Finishing School? Or even better, why not take on the International Correspondence School for a heated skirmish in penmanship?

"The *Princetonian* cannot forsee the results of this battle with Vassar. Is it an indication of Princeton's future policy in regard to sports, about which we have heard so much of late? Is is a forerunner of the 'ping-pong contest behind closed gates' which an overwrought and facetious sport writer predicts for the wearers of the Orange and Black? Or again, will the Undergraduate Schools Committee use it as an argument for future Princetonians? Think how a verbal victory over this dangerous rival would influence prospective freshmen!

"But will the Debating Committee get away with this? By whose authority will 'Princeton send her strongest team to Vassar?' as the chal-

(Continued on page 7, column 1.)

An Old Friend Visits The College.

DELIGHTED AUDIENCE JOINS IN VACHEL LINDSAY'S CHANTS.

On Thursday evening, February 6, Vachel Lindsay read from his own poems at Billings Hall. Miss Bates, in presenting Mr. Lindsay, spoke of the great pleasure it gave us to greet again "our old friend and eternally young poet." Mr. Lindsay then discussed his program for a moment, saying that at Miss Bates' request he would give an unusual number of poems now in manuscript, some of which were not quite finished, and several others which he was not in the habit of reciting.

The first poem was "The Psalm of Jazz," the story of Daniel's difficulty with the lions, told as "a negro preacher who led a hobo life during the week" would tell it. Mr. Lindsay sang parts of the poem, in accordance with his belief that poetry should be made to appeal to the ear. The audience joined in with a mighty roar when the lions voiced their demand,

"We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel,"

obeying the reader's command to "be just as good lions as you know how." The melody of the poem, enhanced by the chant method of presentation, was very effective.

The second piece was more serious, a memorial to Roosevelt, written in 1912, and published in the *Transcript* since his death. It is called "Where is David?" for to Mr. Lindsay Saul and Mr. Roosevelt are both kingly figures, centers of romance.

"Where is David? . . O God's people
Saul has passed, the good and great.
Mourn for Saul, the first annointed—
Head and shoulders o'er the state.

"He was found among the Prophets:
Judge and monarch merged in one.
But the wars of Saul are ended
And the works of Saul are done."

As a companion piece the poet has recently written "Four Brother Jonathans," in honor of Mr. Roosevelt's four sons, who are to

"Vindicate the better days of Saul
When he was God's annointed for us all."

Next was a poem similar to a mock epic, which essayed to prove that romance is not dead in America and that we should attach to the romantic names of our cities that same mysterious glamour they would have were they located in Africa, for

"Once in the city of Kalamazoo
The Gods went walking two by two."

"Niagara" is a protest against "this recreant town" of Buffalo, which desired to chain down Niagara Falls in a hole in the ground and harness it to electric engines—a town which could not understand its own cataract until it began to understand that other crimson cataract in France. After this came a poem to Andrew Jackson, who unlike our modest soldiers of today, had "a certain swing and swish to him"—for

"Andrew Jackson was a Democrat
Defied kings in his old cocked hat."

Then came a poem in memory of all who have fallen and of the poet Joyce Kilmer in particular. The poem gained a great deal by being sung, its musical refrain

"Through the deep heart,
Sweetly they toll"

coming out very sweetly.

There is some question whether the next poem,

(Continued on page 8, column 1.)

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PUBLISHED weekly during the college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscriptions one dollar and fifty cents per annum in advance. Single copies five cents each. All contributions should be in the NEWS office by 9 A. M. on Monday at the latest and should be addressed to Miss Therese W. Strauss. All Alumnæ news should be sent to the Alumnæ office, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. Offices of publication at office of Lakeview Press, Irving St., Framingham, Mass., and at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass., to either of which offices all business communications and subscriptions should be sent.

LAKEVIEW PRESS, PRINTERS, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

A BRAND NEW LEAF.

This is the beginning of a new semester. Monday, February 10, was the New Year's Day of the college year. There is a chance for every one to fill her notebook with nice clean sheets of paper, and begin over again.

This second semester beginning can be much more systematic than was that of the first semester. Then the freshman class in particular had to adjust itself to entirely new surroundings and methods of study. And even the other three classes, straying in from the leisurely joys of a long vacation, had forgotten the art of note taking and concentrating. It took several weeks to slip back into the ordered routine of college life.

But now—what girl is not conscious of what she has done that she ought not to have done—and even more so of the many, many things that she has not done which she ought to have done? Reviewing for examinations is a very enlightening performance. There are few students left by this time who are not familiar with the sinking sensation when one beholds a page of notes so thoroughly abbreviated as to convey no meaning whatsoever. It is even more baffling when on the trail of a neat resumé of the history of Poland to find cheering messages concerning the time of day and the probability of hash for lunch addressed to the girl in the adjoining seat!

But examinations have not only proved that good notes are valuable, but that good notes poured out on paper without even so much as passing through the brain are worse than nothing It is a fact—perhaps some of you may consider it a regrettable faet,—that an education cannot be soaked up into the mind in the twenty-four hours before an examination. Information thus absorbed, alas, seldom endures for the two and a half hours of the examination period. It is absurd and unscholarly to wish that it could. If your conception of an education is "getting by" examinations, you do not rank as a student of this college.

By this time you have probably learned this for yourself. If not, be advised, careless maiden. Make a New Semester's Resolution based on the experiences of Midyears—and you will run to your June examinations with joy in your heart, and permanently settled facts in your brain!

LOOK AROUND!

"Say, who would be good on that costume committee?"

"Oh, I don't know, ask Jane, she does everything." Yes, probably she does do everything,—and all the more reason that she should be given a rest, and some one else should be given a chance. A chance to do something outside the academic which will help her to know girls, otherwise unknown, through a common task shared and executed, which will make her feel not that she is a casual onlooker in the various activities and functions of college but that she is an active integral force by whose efforts something toward a given end has been accomplished—although that something may he nothing more than a cheese cloth eostume.

There is a great "Joy in the Job"; a joy in knowing that you are doing and giving a little more than is actually required; a feeling of self confidence from a task put through; and a realization that you are taking active part in the many sided life here, not included in the "two hours' preparation for each academic subject." But if you have never had a chance to hold a job, what then? There is a great deal to be done, but it is a question of a few doing much or of everyone doing something, according to her strength and ability. There are very few who haven't ability to do something. These "jobs" of ours really aren't so stupendous, nor in the large majority of cases, do they take much more than ordinary capability. It is just that through habit and laziness we have made out a more or less limited list of girls who, we think, can "do things," and we don't bother to add to this list. Thus it is that the "Joy of the Job," however small that job may be, is withheld from many, not because of their incapability, but because of our unwillingness to make some small "adventures in faith." "Know thyself," may come first according to Plato, but know, or rather appreciate, your neighbor, runs a close second. The whole college will take vital interest in the aetivities, academic and non-academic, of eollege, in just the measure that they contribute their strength and energy to the carrying out of these aetivities. And that measure of participation depends on our open mindedness and willingness to give the other fellow a chance.

FREE PRESS.

All contributions for this column must be signed with the full name of the author. Only articles thus signed will be printed. Initials or numerals will be used in printing the articles if tbe writer so desires.
The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions and statements which appear in this column.
Contributions should be in the hands of the Editors by 9 A. M. on Monday.

I.

CARD PLAYING WITH MEN.

Wellesley on Saturday night presents a sight equally as sad as Smith. There seems a possibility however, that the couples "walking feverishly and desperately for lack of a better thing to do" may soon be given opportunity to dance in the dormitories. Two, at least, of the college houses have expressed their desire for a new rule allowing dancing. To all accounts, the Heads of Houses are desirous of such a rule. The future is distinctly hopeful.

The suggestion that card playing be allowed in the reception rooms has not been received as favorably. There seems to exist in college a remnant of the old Puritan idea that cards are a sure instrument of wickedness. Personally, I cannot see why it is worse for a student to play eards with a man than to dance with him. And there are times when a quiet game of cards is distinctly more attractive than an active onestep.

What is the cause of this inherent objection to cards? Certainly the fallacy that the habit of playing will lead to gambling has been exploded. A good game of bridge is excellent exercise for one's mind, requiring as it does a careful memory and clear thinking. Cards depend somewhat on chance, of course, but then so do many other games that are legitimatized. Even a game of tennis has been known to turn on a pebble on the court.

I am not a card fiend. Yet there are times when dancing does not appeal to me, and a hand of auction bridge does. I cannot see why the latter desire is any more objectionable than the former.

'21.

II.

HOW SOCIETIES LOOK TO A SOPHOMORE.

A sophomore may have an impersonal and impartial judge of the society question. For by virtue of her youthful status in college, she has never been eligible to a society; she has never been a member; and she has never withdrawn from one. Her opinion of societies is, therefore, based on their effect upon college at large, and these opinions have crystallized somewhat, because of recent disturbances in the society circles and the college proper.

It is clear that societies are going through some sort of change—perhaps a miniature upheaval. For those who think this wrong, at least they must admit it is in style with contemporaneous events. To a sophomore it is not only favorably in style, but a healthy situation. A disturbance in the natural run of things shows that some one is thinking.

But the thing that is surprising is that the different factions cannot meet on common ground and discuss the matter with cool heads. The question is not one impossible of receiving logical and sound analysis. In fact, it is time for societies to be placed on impersonal, neutral ground and studied from the point of view of the majority in college—and what is more, by the majority. Would it not be possible to have a committee elected consisting of alumnæ members and non-members, faculty members and non-members, and student members, non-members, and ex-members of the several societies, for the purpose of really getting at the root of the matter.

To a Sophomore it seems that the Wellesley society cloak is getting too tight and is bursting some of its buttons. Why not sew them on with longer threads?

J. W. V., '21.

III.

ONE MORE NON-ESSENTIAL.

When a supposedly intelligent person becomes so imbued with the talk about abnormally aesthetic friendship that she finds herself moved to inquire of the general public the precise meaning of the word "crush", as was evinced by a pathetic placard on the long-suffering Heretics' Board a few weeks ago, it seems to the weary writer that the subject is being exhausted. Here at least is one thing which may be classed as a non-essential. Why, when societies and food and the League of Nations are in our very midst, eagerly awaiting their settlement, should one step to haggle over the meaning of "crush"? Do not those uplifted souls who have them know what it means? Then why, in heaven's name, explain their intricacies to those among us who are so deficient in eagerness for spiritual uplift that we would not have them even if we knew how it was done? The misguided writer is not trying to make a point; she is only depraved enough to have become utterly worn out with the tales and the Heretics' Board notices and the general talk about "erushes". To her it is not only wearisome; it is nauseating. For the sake of all that is reasonable, nay, *democratic* (of what value is a free press without that all-inclusive word?), let us put our minds on subjects more worthy of our consideration than the subject of this invective.

With H. C. M. and R. P. '19, I would fain say to those to whom my remarks apply: "Go to! Study your lessons and be a good girl!"

E. T. H. '20.
X. Y. Z. '21.

FIRE AT PINE MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL.

The fire at Pine Mountain, Kentucky, at 2 o'clock in the morning of Jan. 24, destroyed the newest and largest of the buildings belonging to the school, the beautiful Mary Sinclair Burkham Memorial Schoolhouse. It was a large, white, two-storied house with a stately pillared porch and contained as well as the offices and school rooms the library, the carpenter shop and the dispensary, while, for the present, a family of fourteen boys and three of the workers also had their sleeping rooms there.

From a letter written by Miss Wells we make these extracts:—

"I was aroused by the ringing of the Laurel House Bell and looked out to see the further wing of the school house all ablaze. Of course I was in my warm coat and rubber boots in a minute and rushing up to my office. Some boys joined me and James Matison Callahan especially proved a most efficient helper. Together we rolled out the safe and pitched it over the embankment, we carried out two of the typewriters and saved what was most valuable in my office."

"I am very proud of the boys. They had been reading with great interest Boy Scout tales and in all the excitement and fright they remembered them. It was James Matison again who was the hero. He broke the windows of the first story as the boy scout had done and, using their frames as a kind of ladder, brought down safely two of the smaller boys."

"I have a picture in my mind of a little knot of boys holding a blanket for others to jump into. The background was a great blazing mass. This was all I saw as I ran by. Mr. Zande remembers the look of the moon and stars but I did not see them."

"The loss of the building was covered by insurance, $10,000, but not the equipment. The school room furniture and books are all gone, the little medical equipment, the office supplies, the workshop with its carpenter's outfit, and all the store of children's clothing which was not in immediate use." Five lives were lost.

"The house was well supplied with hose, pyrene and two-gallon extinguishers but there was no chance to use anything. There were no rope fire escapes but if there had been no one would have had time to attach them."

"The new reservoir proved its capacity. All the next day the hose was kept playing upon the ruins and still the water was trickling over the edge of the hasin so we feel that we have something there to depend upon. It saved Laurel House for us."

"A messenger was sent over the mountain at once and a doctor from Harlan was there by the next afternoon at four o'clock to treat the sprains and bruises and broken limbs. All the next day people came streaming into the valley, neighbors and parents. They were a comfort to us for the sympathy they brought and very reassuring it was to the children to see their fathers and mothers."

"The cause of the fire is absolutely unknown. The furnace was new and had been working perfectly; it seems impossible that there could have been any defective flue. The fire evidently started in the part of the house over the furnace cellar but we can not see how; every open fire is always so carefully extinguished before we go to bed. There is always the possibility of a vagrant coming over the mountain, getting into a house and hiding himself. If such a person did he might have been in the cellar and then, maliciously or because he was drunk, set fire to the house and either run away or have perished himself in the flames. The mountain people are keen to notice all kinds of tracks and it is said that some footprints that looked suspicious were seen that day in the bed of the creek."

Since that fire Miss Wells has been over the mountain visiting some Ohio cities in the interest of a new medical dispensary and nursing work that the Settlement hopes to establish. This will be centered not in the school but in a place about two miles down the valley. It will be a great boon to all the neighborhood when it is started and, as Miss Wells says, "this must still go on". Evidently it will for the response she has received so far has been generous.

The college has been interested in the work of the Pine Mountain settlement from its very start and many of its graduates have worked there; Miss Wells is a member of the class of 1913. The Christian Association gives yearly to the support of the settlement but to meet this emergency extra money will be needed. Miss A. Bertha Miller, Chairman of the Missionary Committee, will be glad to forward any gifts which friends of Pine Mountain wish to make. A box for contributions is in the Registrar's Office during the coming week.

FIVE RECITALS BY WELL KNOWN ORGANISTS.

Through the liberality of Mr. Edwin Farnham Greene it has been possible to arrange for a series of five organ recitals in the Memorial Chapel beginning Thursday evening, February 27, at 8 o'clock and continuing weekly. The dates and performers are as follows:—

Feb. 27—Mr. Francis W. Snow
Church of the Advent
Mar. 6—Mr. B. L. Whelpley
Arlington Street Church
Mar. 13—Mr. E. E. Truette
Eliot Church, Newton
Mar. 20—Mr. E. Harold Geer
Vassar College
Mar. 27—Mr. A. W. Snow
Emmanuel Church

NEW PSYCHIC TEST REPLACES OLD STYLE EXAMINATIONS AT COLUMBIA.

It is interesting to note that at the same time that Wellesley changes from the old method of certificate admission to comprehensive examinations, Columbia relegates the traditional examinations to the past. A new system of judging students has been adapted. The *Florida Alligator* for January 30 says:

The Faculty of Columbia College, the undergraduate department of Columbia University, at a meeting last week voted to abolish the old style examination for admission and substitute psychology tests to measure the student's intelligence, rather than his learning. The tests will be similar to those applied to applicants for the Student's Army Training Corps, and will be used for the academic year beginning next September. Professor A. L. Jones, head of the Department of Admissions of the university, said that the action of the Faculty was in step with the progress of the times.

"In our requirements for admission to Columbia College are included the applicant's health record, his character and promise of development, and his school record, and these will be embraced in the new requirements. The most radical departure will be the entire doing away with the old style examinations that were given to establish the applicant's knowledge of the subjects required for admission to college. This will be covered by his school record, and the psychological tests will demonstrate whether he is qualified to continue his schooling."

Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of Columbia College explained that the tests were being prepared by Professor E. L. Thorndyke of Teachers College of Columbia, and that they would be changed each year, although he said, the psychologists say there is not much likelihood of an applicant being able to cram up on a set of tests, even if they were at his disposal.

"We expect these tests to show us whether it will be worth our while to try to educate a student, and whether it will be worth his while." Dean Hawkes said.

WILL EUROPEAN CONDITIONS HELP TO WIN SUFFRAGE FOR AMERICAN WOMEN?

The Working Women of France have sent their representatives to President Wilson at the Mural Mansion to urge him to secure the inclusion of woman suffrage among the points to be settled by the Peace Conference. The French League of Rights for Women has petitioned the French Parliament declaring that the right of women to vote is recognized in enemy and allied countries and demanding that French women be given the franchise.

These events show the rising tide of suffrage sentiment in France. The observations of Editor Carberry of the Boston Post, who is now in France, emphasize the remarkable change in the status of women in Europe wrought by the war, thus forcing the conclusion that no European nation is now going to sit back, and with a clear conscience, deny woman her equal share in government.

Mr. Wilson did not need this witness to strengthen his belief in "the right of women to take their full share in the political life of the nations to which they belong." But it may have fortified his resolution to try once more to change the attitude of some Senators who form the Southern block of resistance.

BRINGS PEACE TO THE SOLDIER.

THE FIFTH LIBERTY LOAN WILL GIVE THE FIGHTING MEN WHAT WE ENJOY NOW.

The Fifth Liberty Loan, the Victorious Fifth, will go to give the splendid soldiers and sailors of the United States what the people at home have had for two months already. It will bring them back to enjoy peace.

They have won it for us, at what expense to themselves the long, long roll of casualties has told in part, but they are still abroad or on the way back to us. We are welcoming those who have come with joy at their return and in pride for their glorious deeds.

To care for them in these months that intervene, to demobilize the millions with due care, to give them back to the ways of peace at home is the work of the Fifth Loan.

If any men in the world have earned for their own country the right to return to peace pursuits, well equipped and abundantly provided, they are the American overseas forces.

Peace has its opportunities no less than war. Those who share in the Fifth Liberty Loan get not only an investment, unsurpassed anywhere in the world, but they buy the bonds which clinch the greatest peace. They see to it that the fighters who have won the peace for them are denied nothing as they return to their homes.

The soldiers were prepared for anything they had to face in France. The men at home who are at peace because of the soldiers will prepare at once to take liberally of the Fifth Liberty Loan.

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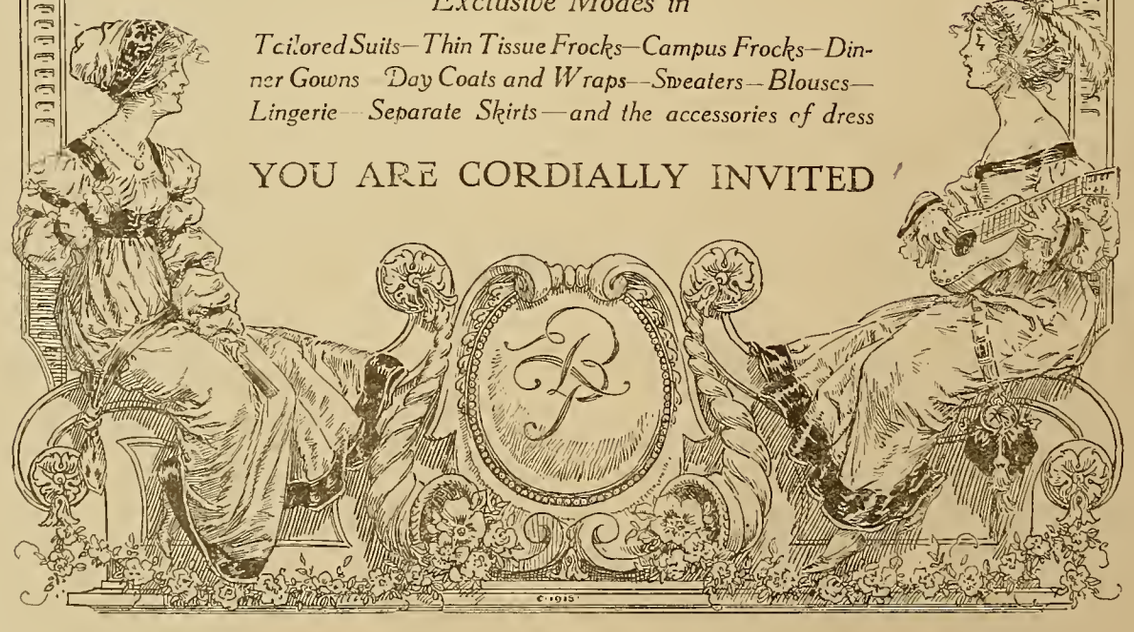

AID TO EFFICIENT RESIGNATION.

Everyone will admit that the most popular form of amusement at Wellesley just now is RESIGNING. Of course it is the act itself which makes this such an attractive sport—the details are not important—but for the sake of those who wish to do it in the neatest and most approved manner we suggest the use of this blank.

Directions: Cross out all but the desired words; tear off at dotted line:

.....

I, ..., wish to resign from this committee
board
club
class
gang
society
because:

I am no longer worthy of it.
It bores me.
I have decided to pursue the academic
I'd rather belong to another one.
I'm too young.
I didn't know what I was getting into.
I'm sure all my dear co- { workers / sufferers } will understand and sympathize with my motives.
Wishing you success even though I am no longer of you, I remain,
Sincerely yours,

.....

POME.

On my roommate's conviction of what will happen to me in about two days.

Said Roomie to me,
"Pray why are you weeping?
You surely can see,"
Said Roomie to me,
"What you fate's bound to be!
You might better be sleeping!"
Said Roomie to me,
"Pray why are you weeping?

I said, "Roomie dear,
Exams. mean disaster.
It's not that I fear";
I said, "Roomie dear,
That makes me weep here,
But I wish they'd come faster!"
I said, "Roomie dear,
Exams. mean disaster."

Said Roomie to me,
"Let me weep beside you.
So lonesome I'll be!"
Said Roomie to me.
"And you'll be so free,
I'll envy, not chide you."
Said Roomie to me,
"Let me weep beside you!"

A FRESHMAN'S SIGH.

I hear that what we call an examination
Is termed by instructors "the midyear vacation."
Now, this may be logic—I put it to you.
But oh, mercy me, don't you wish it were true!

JANITOR'S REPLY.

Hail, fair maid, hail, skirted dame,
Who writest odes and prints the same,
My heart is sorely grieved for thee,
Thou'rt thoughtless, 'tis plain to see.

How canst, fair one, accuse us men
Of such indignities and then,
Come gracefully tripping down the stair
To find out if thy trunk is there.

And with lovely smile inquire if we
Will bring said trunk up unto thee
And when 'tis done, pray in what sense
Speakest thou of recompense?

Dost jest? I think 'tis so—
For when our labor is done—then, lo!
Thou thankest us and thy portals slam
Leaving us with an itching palm.

So, college poet, thou best beware
For thou may'st rave and tear thy hair
And wish thou had'st not used thy pen
Upon the hapless janitor men.

JACK, TOWER COURT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY.

A giddy young Junior named Mary
At home was requested to tarry
For the good of her class,
Lest they copy the lass,
And get the same grades as did Mary.

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THE OLD KIT BAG.

Editor's Note:—This column is to consist of letters received from abroad. Help the editor by sending in any parts of your letters which you consider interesting enough to print. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of the Old Kit Bag, and sent to the News Office, Chapel Basement, or handed to one of the News editors.

From Ethel M. Damon, 1909, who crossed in the early spring, 1918, as a worker under the Red Cross.

One day a little suburban train took us to the new tuberculosis sanitorium in the Villa Hachette, the one described in a February *Literary Digest* as one of the many homes being established for women and children. Just before the war the French Government had bought the enormous villa from the family of the well-known publishing house of Hachette & Cie., and now it is entirely under the direction of the American Red Cross. The little town below it is named Sceaux-Robinson and is a beloved summer outing resort of middle class Parisians who take unbounded delight in "getting close to nature." Rooms and whole inns are built among the branches of trees in imitation of the Swiss Family Robinson, while a life-size portrait of the original Mr R. Crusoe with attendant Friday, parrot and dog strikes the eye at a prominent corner. We were cordially received by the Red Cross staff of the sanatorium where a splendid work is being accomplished. One particular feature seemed especially valuable, a separate house entirely distinct from the main sanitorium, where children of tuberculous parents are brought out from the cities for a month or more at a time and surrounded by wholesome living conditions. An enormous park encloses all, with forest, walled gardens and exquisite vistas. But even under apparently ideal conditions difficulties are incredible and delays unending. When the Red Cross pioneers were endeavoring to establish a plumbing system which could meet at least some of the demands of a large hospital, the ancient concierge expressed surprise that the mediaeval system which existed should be disturbed. The Americans in their turn then asked how Mme. la Comtesse had ever been able with her likewise large family to endure the odors which must have frequently made themselves evident. "Mais que voulez-vous?" was the astonished reply, "one endured, and if it became further impossible, Mme. la Comtesse would quite simply remove her family to another villa until the odor had also removed itself, whereupon the many high persons would again return, happily content, to the Villa Hachette."

While we were strolling through the garden where a great patch of snow still lay in the shade of a pine tree, a tremendous explosion was heard, followed by a second. From the hill where we stood we looked at once in the direction of Paris to see a great mass of black smoke begin to rise and gradually spread into an enormous white cloud. At that distance we had no way of learning what it might be, but were troubled enough to find on our return that evening that a grenade storehouse at La Courneuve had blown up. This was the district where I had been working for a fortnight. Even in the city the effects were disastrous enough, great plate glass windows being bent out into the streets in astonishing curves and showering the passers-by with splinters. Four or five of us went out immediately next morning, taking the whole forenoon for the journey since no automobiles were to be had and the street cars were so jammed that we waited on one corner for an hour. Once out there we went directly to the dispensary, meeting the nurse, Miss H. on the way. She had been there at the time of the explosion and had been forced out into the street by crumbling ceilings and showers of glass. Among the people themselves there seemed to be astonishingly little serious damage. Perhaps thirty had been killed, all those badly cut had been taken to Paris hospitals the night before, and the few ambulances were still at work. We spent the afternoon renewing impromptu dressings of the night before, going as near to the scene of the fire as possible. All sorts of tales were rife, the most picturesque being that a French aeroplane which had been reported lost from a nearby air-base had returned under a German pilot and quietly dropped a little bomb on the grenade storehouse; but even this tale was denied officially more than once. The warehouse in question was naturally situated out in the open fields away from the factories which had thus received little damage save that from falling glass. All the factories were closed, however, for fear of further explosions. Even groceries had their shutters down and we looked a long time before we could get a bite to eat about two o'clock. The streets were filled with crowds of idle people, quiet for the most part, with heads and hands bound up, in many cases. All were strolling out, with us among them, to look at the burning ruins of the isolated warehouse. We gleaned news from the gendarme on duty and naturally went as far as we were permitted. Though hundreds were homeless, there seemed to be no acute distress. In the midst of one ugly dressing in a café we were all hastily turned out into a nearby field by cries that another explosion was imminent. Having finished the dressing in the impromptu field-hospital, we walked on and helped some green ambulance drivers lift a plucky *grand-mère* who had lain all night with a broken hip. Toward seven as we were thinking of attempting a return to Paris, the mayor of the town met us in the street and asked us to wait at the mairie to help some families of sick women and children who were to be taken into Paris. We gladly waited, giving what little aid we could as we did so and watching with eager interest the kindness with which those who still had a roof over their four walls were gathering in friends and strangers who had their roofs crumble in upon them. Some said that many children had run miles to neighboring towns, some of whom were still lost and ten of whom had died of fright. Not knowing how long this wait might be at the mairie, my practical stomach sent me in search of food about eight o'clock. It was Saturday evening and on the heels of a great disaster everything was closed. However, I made friends with the very kind concierge lady at the mairie who from some crack or corner and a neighbor's cellar finally set before us bread, cheese, wine and little winter apples. She would take nothing in payment, insisting that France should do a little for those who had come so far to help her; but at last she consented to let us give her something for her soldier god-sons at the front. Some time after nine a camion arrived and in charge of thirty-three people we trundled over the cobbles into Paris where we left them at a Red Cross hotel.

Ethel M. Damon. 1909.

Y. W. C. A. WORK AMONG POLES AND RUSSIANS.

Dr. Justine Klotz will speak in the Zeta Alpha House, February 20th, at 4.30 p. m. on the work of the Young Women's Christian Association among foreign born women and the possibilities and openings in work of this kind. Dr. Klotz is an international lawyer and graduate of the Sorbonne. She was born and brought up in Poland from where she escaped as a refugee, only having been in this country a year and a half. Her experience with Poles and Russians and her observation of the work being done for immigrants by the Y. W. C. A. in this country eminently fit Dr. Klotz to speak on this subject.

TO CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY.

The following poem by Sophie Jewett is of particular interest to the college today, as Madame Breshkovsky is coming to speak here in the near future.

In the Fortress of Peter and Paul.

The liberal summer wind and sky and sea,
For thy sake, narrow like a prison cell
About the wistful hearts that love thee well
And have no power to comfort nor set free.
They dare not ask what these hours mean to thee:
Delays and silences intolerable?
The joy that seemed so near, that soared, and fell,
Became a patient, tragic memory?
From prison, exile, age, thy gray eyes won
Their gladness, mother, as of youth, and sun,
And love; and though thy hero heart, at length
Tortured past thought, break for thy children's tears,
Thy mortal weariness shall be their strength,
Thy martyred hope their vision through far years.

—Reprinted from Memorial Ed. of Poems of Sophie Jewett. Thomas Y. Crowell and Co.

EXCHANGES.

Yale.

Yale is conservative in award of wartime degree, choosing middle course between Harvard and Columbia. The attitude of Yale, in relation to that of other men's colleges, in the awarding of wartime degrees, is made clear by President Hadley in his annual report. Harvard maintains that the Bachelor's degree is not to be given for military service at all, whereas Columbia goes to the opposite extreme of giving a degree to every 1918 man who entered the army. Yale's stand, President Hadley defines as "intermediate." Yale "defers giving the degree and gives it only on the basis of specially meritorious service."

Any student who withdrew after the completion of his Junior year may receive his degree either by coming back for a single term, or by submitting his service record in lieu of additional residence, thus presenting himself as a candidate for the degree *"honoris causa."*

HIGHEST W. S. S. RECORD.

During 1918 the Benton Ward School, of Kansas City, Mo., with an enrollment of about a thousand, subscribed $51,756.50 worth of War Savings Stamps, a per capita record which it is believed, eclipses the 1918 record of any primary or high school, college or university in the United States.

Information reaching the Savings Division of the Treasury Department daily from schools and other educational institutions throughout the country indicates that these institutions are co-operating heartily with the Government in pushing through 1919 the sale of War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

MORE WOMEN NOTARY PUBLICS.

Massachusetts is taking early advantage of the new constitutional permission to appoint women Notary Publics. Miss Mary E. Prendergast, deputy clerk of the United States District Court, is the second woman to have the honor conferred upon her by Governor McCall.

The first Jewish woman to receive appointment as a notary public is Mrs. Sadie Lipner-Shulman, a member of the Mass. Woman Lawyers' Association, the Industrial Civic and Suffrage League, and first President of the Associated Young Women's Hebrew Association of New England.

Alumnæ Department

(The Editors are earnestly striving to make this department of value by reporting events of interest to Wellesley Alumnæ as promptly and as completely as is possible. The Alumnæ are urged to co-operate by sending notices to the Alumnæ General Secretary or directly to the Wellesley College News.)

MARRIAGES.

'13. Crooks-Otten. On June 28, 1918, Edna May Otten to Lieut. Porter Kenneth Crooks, Princeton, '13.

'14. Terry-Brayton. On January 4, 1919, at Fall River, Mass., Edith Brayton, to Carl Anthony Terry, Brown, 1915.

'16. On Jan. 2, at Woburn, Mass., Anna H. Burdett to Donald O. Friend, M. I. T., '17.

'17. On Feb. 1, Marion Cobb to A. Edward Rouse, Jr.

BIRTHS.

'86. On Dec. 22, a son, John Sleeper Ruggles Turner, to the daughter of Mrs. Frank W. Ruggles (May Sleeper, '84-'86).

'14. On Jan. 28, a son, William Tillinghast, to Mrs. William C. Crolius, Jr. (Sophie-Louise Tillinghast).

'15. On Sept. 15, in Pottsville, Pa., a son, Burd Edwards Smyth, to Mrs. Harold M. Smyth (Jessie L. Edwards).

'15. On Nov. 8, a daughter, Catherine Martin, to Mrs. Richard F. Leete (Dorothy Martin).

DEATHS.

'87. On Dec. 22, at Fort Munroe, Va., Lieutenant Harold Nixon Matthews, son of Mrs. Edwin S. Matthews, (Agnes Rounds, '83-'84).

'09. In January, at Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. Clinton E. Miller (Georgiana V. Kendall, '05-'07).

'94. On Oct. 13, at Montclair, N. J., Geraldine E. Hill, daughter of Mrs. Charles Hill (Edith Tuxbury).

'17. On Jan. 19, at Washington, D. C., Lieutenant William Cheney Brown, Jr., brother of Rachel Brown Canaday and son of Irene Phillips Brown, '75-'78.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

'97. Alice Fyock to 2010 East 72d St., Chicago, Ill.

'16. Mrs. Donald O. Friend (Anna Burdett) to 43 Wymna St., Waterbury, Conn.

'16. Claire Brown to 30 Hopkins Road, Arlington, Mass.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

Battle Between Vassar and Princeton.

(Continued from page 1, column 2.)

lenge reads? Not by the undergraduates' authority—ye gods, no! Not with the Faculty's authority—unless our present confidence in that body is misplaced. Possibly, it is by the authority of the American Whig and Chiosophic Societies. If so, let them go representing Whig and Clio, not as representing Princeton University; for there is nothing less representative of the University than Whig and Clio.

"And if they must go, if the temptation to mingle among the fair sex as heroes from Princeton cannot be resisted, then the *Princetonian* urges them meekly, reverently, and solemnly to beware of the wisdom concealed behind the horn-rimmed glasses of America's future schoolmarms and stateswomen, and to take heed of the oft-demonstrated adage that 'the female of the species is more deadly than the male.'"

Soon after the publication of this editorial the chairman of the Debating Committee at Princeton wrote to the editor of the *Princetonian* to state the true facts of the case. He said in part:

"This is not an attempt to justify a dual debate between Vassar College and Princeton University. It is an attempt to counteract the erroneous impressions disseminated by your editorial of this morning and to brand as falsehoods the majority of the statements made in that article.

"Your second sentence reads . . 'the Debating Committee in the name of Princeton University has challenged Vassar College to a verbal battle at Vassar!' That statement is absolutely untrue. The possibility of a debate between Princeton and Vassar is one which has been discussed at both colleges for several years—a fact of which you are apparently unaware. Debates with men's colleges are no new departure for Vassar, and because of the cordial relations which have always existed between the two undergraduate bodies in the two institutions, they were naturally anxious to secure Princeton as their opponent. The correspondence between their debating committee and the Princeton debating committee has progressed no farther than informal exchanges of opinions and discussion of difficulties. There has been no formal challenge nor has either institution obligated itself in any way to a debate. All communications have been with the distinct understanding, clearly comprehended by both parties, that any decisions arrived at would be absolutely without obligations and subject to the approval of the faculties and student bodies of both institutions."

The *Vassar Miscellany News* is not silent on the question. Quietly yet firmly they show their superiority over the mere male in an editorial of February 5.

"Evidently the misunderstanding arose through the neglect of the Princeton Committee to consult first its own student body. We might possibly have found ourselves in the embarrassing position of the famous Betty Baxter 'who refused a man before he axt her!'

"However the episode is amusing and interesting as a naive revelation of the psychology of the male mind, at least that of the loquacious and reactionary editorial staff of the *Daily Princetonian*. We hope that the more substantial element in the college stands behind the progressive ideas of the Debating Committee. The 'manly' position taken in the *Princetonian's* recent editorials reminds us of the protest against higher education of women, as expressed by the Harvard reporter in his interview with Miss Spurgeon. May we hope for a contribution from Yale to complete the three-ringed circus?"

HOLY DISCONTENT.

"Holy Discontent," said President Arthur C. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary at the morning service on Sunday, November 9, "is the first step in the making of the new world." To achieve this we must recognize the needs of others as well as of self. There must be a desire for improvement: and this desire can be attained only by class co-operation. The war should have placed in us a desire for radical change. "But has it?" continued President McGiffert. "America has suffered comparatively little. If we let well enough alone, we shall be back again in the old world of splendid isolation. A new world will perhaps cost America a great deal. Do we want it, or are we so indifferent that we prefer that the world remain as it is so that we shall not be changed?"

Faith, according to President McGiffert, is an essential for the formation of a new world; without it desire will come to nothing. We are too apt to class hope with idealism. "If the first curse of the world is selfishness, the second is scepticism. The essence of the Christian gospel is faith in the seemingly impossible."

And with desire and faith we must have effort. Only through the toil of those before us has the world changed; and it is only through our labor that we can hope for improvement. "To do what we can to promote sanity, clarity of thought, breadth of vision, to make the spirit of America evident in help of others, if we do nothing more than carry about a conscience sensitive to the needs of the world—so we shall help."

In conclusion President McGiffert eulogized Theodore Roosevelt because of his splendid courage and his confident fronting of the future. "We thank God for men who give themselves to the service and elevation of fellow men. Because such men exist there is hope we may shape out a better world."

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, February 13. 8 P. M. Houghton Memorial Chapel. Dr. J. H. McCurdy will speak on *Recreation and Physical Education among the Soldiers in France.*

Friday, February 14. 4.30 P. M. Room 24. Professor Harold Whitehead will speak on *Reconstruction Work among the Blind.*

Saturday, February 15. 8 P. M. Barn. Pinafore.

Sunday, February 16. Houghton Memorial Chapel.
11 A. M. Dean George Hodges of Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge.
7 P. M. Vespers. Address by Dr. Albert P. Fitch.

Wednesday, February 19. 7.15 P. M. Christian Association meeting. Service Preparatory to Communion.
Billings Hall: Leader, Miss Gamble.
Washington House: Leader, Miss Streibert.

Thursday, February 20. 4.30 P. M. Zeta Alpha House. Dr. Justine Klotz. Topic: *Y. W. C. A. Work among the Foreign Born Women.*

An Old Friend Visits The College.

(Continued from page 1, column 3.)

about a sea-serpent, really refers to that mythical terror or to a submarine. "According to your fancy," said Mr. Lindsay, "let it be unto you." At all events, the sound of the sea was quite realistically presented by the poet and the audience singing together. After this came "Our Mother Pocanhontas" the child of Virginian forest carried away to England, who at the outbread of the war,

"—heard the forest talking
Across the sea came walking"

—and whose children we are

"Because our fires are all re-born
From her bosom's deathless embers flowing."

Another patriotic poem followed, "Sew the Flags Together, Do not Tear Them Down," written at the request of William Braithwaite that all our poets should commemorate the coming of peace.

After a three-minute intermission Mr. Lindsay recited some of his older poems. The first portrayed the lure of China from the days of Confucius down to the present time, when the age-old refrain

"The empire of China is crumbling down."

is giving way to the new conception

"Laughing Asia, brown and wild,
That slender and immortal child."

The Congo, a song of Africa, and one of Mr. Lindsay's best-known poems, followed, by special request. Last came one of the "Poem Games" called "The King of Yellow Butterflies." These Poem Games have been worked out by children and by older amateurs as dances, and were given more elaborately at Chicago University and in the Little Theatre of Chicago. The idea is to combine the words with dancing and with chant to express more clearly the natural rhythm. The poet gave *Yellow Butterflies* with just enough of movement to suggest perfectly, without exaggeration, the graceful butterfly poised above the pool. Mr. Lindsay recommends the development of such Poem Games to all lovers of poetry.

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APPOINTMENT BUREAU.

Concerning the following, application may be made to Miss Caswell, 58 Administration Building, by alumnæ through letters, or by members of the College in office-hours, 2.30—3.30 Tuesday and Friday, or at other times by appointment.

No. 29. The Appointment Bureau is in a position to suggest to the Bureau of Education of the Philippine Islands, Wellesley graduates who wish to become candidates for positions in the Islands. The customary entrance salary is $1200 per year. Women exceptionally well gifted sometimes receive a little more. For the year 1919 a bonus of 15% has been added to all salaries, which cannot be counted upon as a permanent arrangement, being simply a war measure. Women between the ages of twenty-four and thirty, who have had one or two years' experience as teachers are preferred. The contract is for two years, and the Government pays expenses to the Islands. For the first year at least, practically all appointees are placed as teachers in the High Schools. Their future assignments depend upon various circumstances. All appointments are under the Civil Service and open competitive examination.

Alumnæ who wish to become candidates are advised to have their names on file, with statements regarding their past work, testimonials, etc., as promptly as possible, since a representative of the Philippine Bureau of Education expects to visit the country during March and April. Any one who wishes further information before presenting her name to the Appointment Bureau should address the Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Dept., Washington, D. C., asking for descriptive announcements.

No. 30. Four openings in psychiatric case work in Boston are to be filled before March 1st. Students beginning then would have their field work credited to them if they should wish to attend the training school at Smith College this summer. Also perhaps one interneship free of expense. Application should be immediate.

No. 31. A principal is needed for a private day school in a large southern city, which is under the management of a board of trustees.

The Appointment Bureau receives notice of Civil Service examinations for the positions of laboratory assistant in bacteriology, and clerk, stenographer, or secretary in the New York State Department of Health, to be held March 1, 1919. For application form, address a postal card to the State Civil Service Commission, Albany, New York.

VALUABLE EDITION OF CHAUCER IN THE LIBRARY.

The department of English literature has recently been presented with a beautifully bound and very valuable copy, in black letter, of *The Works of our Ancient, Learned and Excellent English Poet, Jeffrey Chaucer.* This is the third edition (1687) of the famous Speght Chaucer originally issued in 1598, and is a remarkably well-preserved example of early book making. Once in the library of Miss Helen J. Sanborn, 1884, the book was shortly before Miss Sanborn's death given to Miss Katherine Lee Bates who has generously given it to the library of her department.

M. H. S.

CORRECTION IN HARVARD STATISTICS.

The News regrets their error in reporting the statistics of Harvard students in service. The correct numbers follow:

"In active service there were 10,256 Harvard men. Over 65% of these were commissioned. 283 were killed. 3000 students left direct from the University to enter the Army and Navy."

FINEST UNITED WAR WORK GIFT IN THE STATE.

The flag which has been hanging between Billings Hall and the Administration Building is the honor flag which the town of Wellesley won by its generous gift to the United War Work Fund. Of all the towns in Massachusetts, Wellesley gave the largest proportional gift.

True to its spirit of generosity the village lent the flag to the college, which was surely an able participant in the campaign. The college has the flag for two weeks, then Dana Hall for a short period, and finally it will go to the town of Wellesley as a permanent sign of how this community responded to the slogan "Give, Give, Give!"

GO TO SEE "THE BETTER 'OLE."

"The Three Muskrats of the trenches" is what these three comedy agents from the Bairnsfather musical play, "The Better 'Ole," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, have been affectionately dubbed in paraphrase of "The Three Musketeers," Dumas' immortal trio of swash-bucklers. What has led to the title more than any other reason is the manner of fighting which has obtained throughout the greater term of the war. It has been a diggers' war where, apparently, the best borers lived the longest and most comfortable in earthy depths, or as was most often the case, muddy caverns. Thus it has often been that the soldiers themselves have adopted the rodent title, mainly in the spirit of ironic humor. For it is an undeniable fact that humor has played a remarkable part in the war. One of the great wonders coming out of the world conflict is the spirit of humor which has been generated from out the seething fire which was aimed to sear men's souls instead of cheering them. The comic writer, and with even greater success, the comic artist, have sent from the purlieus of the battlefield stories and pictures which have been the clear stripped soul of humor which have served their purpose to invoke laughter not only among soldiery but from the ordinary civilian. Because of this there has been a number of men who suddenly rose to fame as humorists. None more so in this regard than Captain Bairnsfather whose name is a household byword in England and little less so in America. To show that he is a true humorist whose means of expression is not limited to the pencil, the success of "The Better 'Ole" is convincing testimony. This comedy with music has for long been a most emphatic success in London and now is a reigning sensation in New York. With a new company chosen to present the play in Boston local theatregoers are enthusiastically responding to its comedy call as the other great cities, and laughs are unending at the humor created by the experiences of "the three muskrats."

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